

DORK
STORM

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HENCHMAN
PUBLISHING

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Noodwick™



Fore makinge of mucche mischiefe.
Beware ye a moustache moste false!



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Nodwick

by Aaron Williams

...AND WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THE BREAK ROOM DONATION CAN FULL, FOLKS. THIS IS THE THIRD MEETING WHERE DONATIONS FOR REFRESHMENTS HAVE BEEN BELOW COSTS.

WEEK-OLD DOUGHNUTS AND "MONDAY ON WEDNESDAY" COFFEE AREN'T FREE, YOU KNOW. PLEASE GIVE, SINCE THIS IS SOMETIMES THE ONLY FULL MEAL OUR RETIREES GET.

LOOKING AHEAD, THE SIGN-UP SHEET FOR THE UNION POKER TEAM IS STILL A LITTLE SPARSE. WE HAVE TWELVE MORE SLOTS TO FILL, AND THE ADVENTURER'S GUILD HAS PROMISED THAT THE POKERS WON'T BE HEATED THIS YEAR.

AND IN CLOSING, DEMAND FOR HENCHMEN HAS NEVER BEEN HIGHER. CAREFUL STUDY OF RECENT TRENDS LEADS US TO THINK THIS IS BECAUSE OF...



NODWICK #27 by Aaron Williams, February 2005. Distributed by Dork Storm Press, published by Henchman Publishing, 5545 Holmes St. Kansas City, MO 64110. Fax: (608)255-1342. E-mail: aaron@nodwick.com. Story and art ©2005 Aaron Williams. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication save for brief review excerpts may be reproduced without the express consent of the copyright holder. This is a work of fiction; any similarities to any actual persons or henchmen save for the purpose of satire is purely coincidental. ADVERTISING: sales@DorkStorm.com. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$26 per year. Please contact adventureretail2@qwest.net, or call (651)488-2433 details. All letters to NODWICK assumed intended for publication unless otherwise stated, and become the property of the copyright holder. There's a man at the door with a moustache? Tell him I've already got one. FIRST PRINTING, February 2005. PRINTED IN CANADA





FINE, FINE...



I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO HELP PAY FOR COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS! I WOULDN'T TOUCH WITH A MITHRIL LANCE.

OR ELSE WHAT?

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE: A HUNDRED PERCENT OF ATTENDING MEMBERS DONATED. ANYWAY, OUR SUPPLIER HAS A VERY STRICT POLICY: HE DELIVERS WEEK-OLD STUFF AND WE PAY FOR IT, OR ELSE.

OR ELSE HE BRINGS IT AFTER IT SITS FOR TWO WEEKS.



IS THAT LEGAL?

LEGAL OR NOT, THE LAST TIME WE MISSED A PAYMENT WE HAD TO FUMIGATE.

SIGH... OKAY, HELP ME GET READY TO GO HOME...



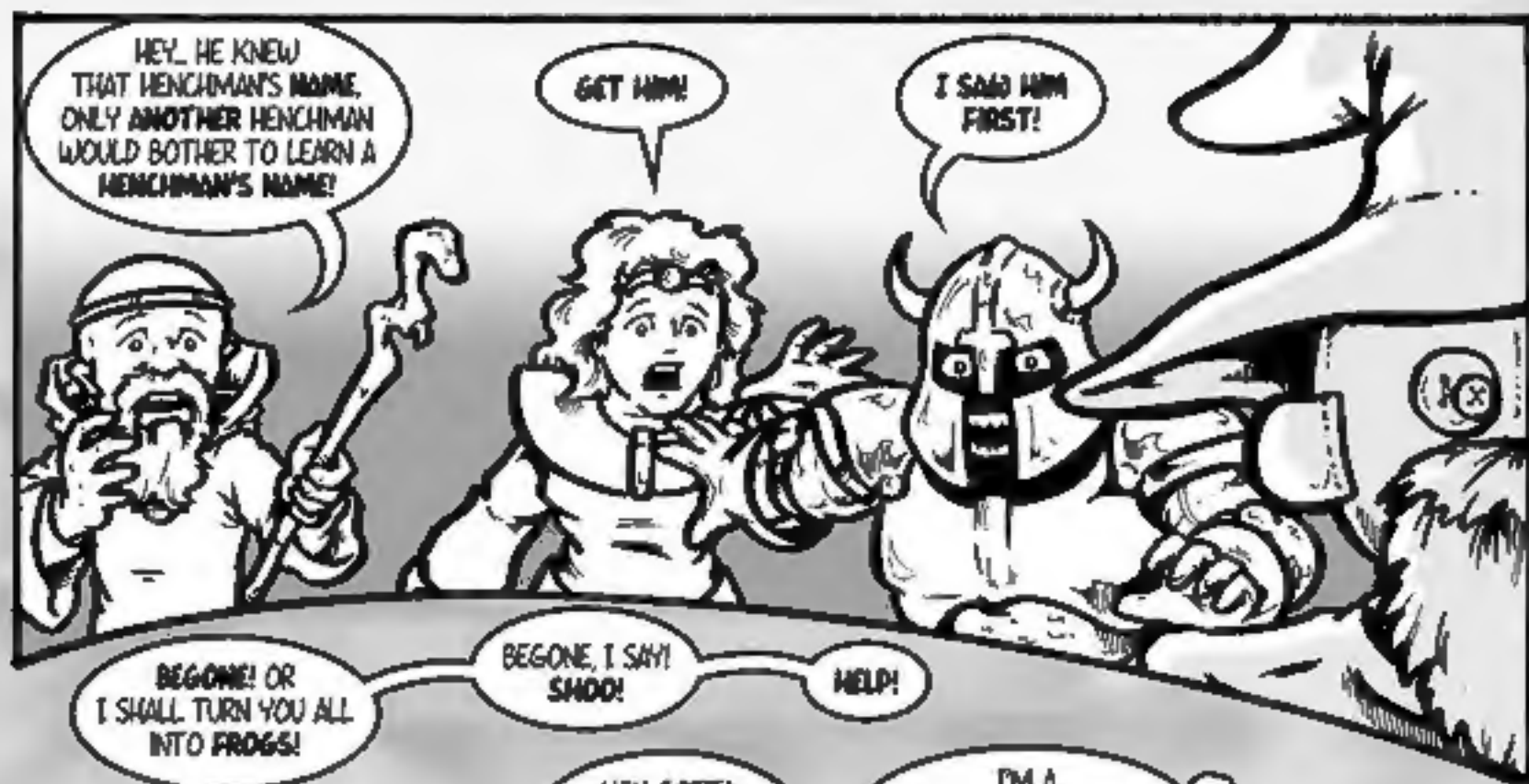
SORRY, SIR. WE HAVE NO HENCHMEN TODAY!

PERHAPS ANOTHER TIME, SIR?

OH, DRAT THE LUCK! WHOEVER SHALL I GET TO CARRY MY BUNCHES OF LOOT AND STUFF?

PERHAPS, GOOD DAY, MASTER HEATHWICK!







HELLO, MISS PIFFANY.

ARE YOU ALL
OUT JOGGING TOGETHER
OR SOMETHING?

UH, YEAH. WE
GOTTA GO NOW.

OKAY! TODDLE-OO!

TODDLE-OO
TO YOU, TOO.



WHAT NICE
TOWNSFOLK
WE HAVE!

UH, YEAH,
ABOUT THAT.
SOMETHING HAS TO
BE DONE ABOUT
THE HENCHMAN
SHORTAGE.

WHAT
SHORTAGE?
WE STILL HAVE
YOU.



YOU
ALMOST DIDN'T.
IT'S GETTING SO BAD
I CAN'T WALK THE
STREETS WITHOUT A
HORDE OF
ADVENTURERS TRYING
TO KIDNAP
ME!



IT'S STARTING TO HURT THE
LOCAL TRADES, TOO. NO ADVENTURING
MEANS NO INFLUX OF GOODS AND RARE COMMODITIES.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT AN ECONOMY BASED ON LOOTING
AND PILLAGING WAS RECESSION-PROOF, BUT I
NEVER TOOK THE HENCH-FACTOR
INTO ACCOUNT.

LET ME GUESS: YOU THINK
WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE AND FIGURE OUT
WHO'S SAMPING THE HENCHMEN?

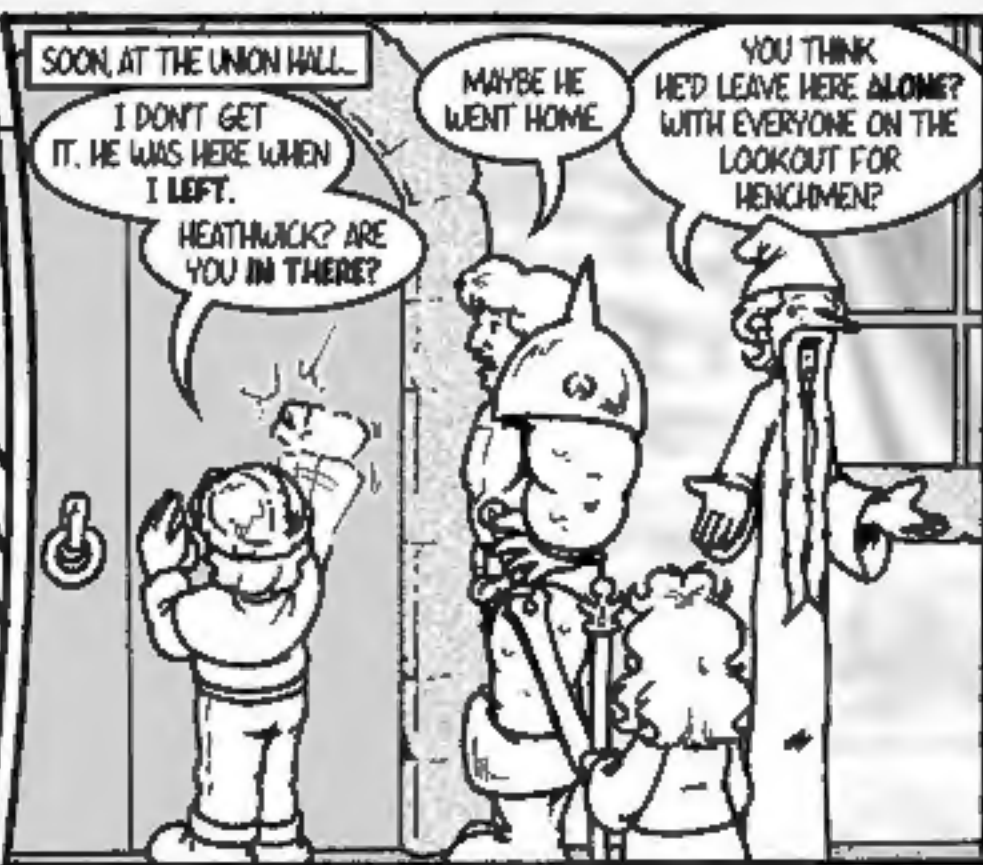


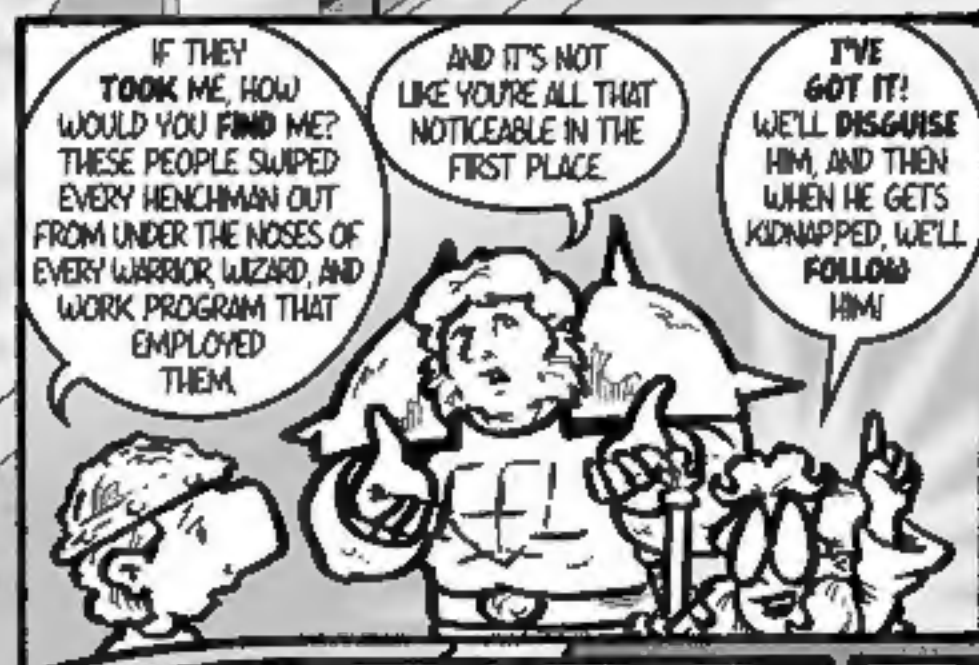
I BET WE COULD
MAKE IT COUNT TOWARDS YOUR
COMMUNITY SERVICE.

IT BEATS CLEANING THE
DRAGON DROPPINGS OFF OF THE KING'S
ROOF. LET'S DO IT.

GREAT! WE SHOULD
PROBABLY START AT THE
UNION HALL.







AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



DUNNO. I JUST GOT NABBED MYSELF. ALL I KNOW IS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BUILD A "DARK CITADEL OF ETERNAL DOOM."

A WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BLUEPRINT.

SO WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?

WELL, SEVERAL REASONS. FOR ONE, IF YOU STOP WORKING, YOU'LL EVENTUALLY GET POKED WITH SHARP OBJECTS, ZAPPED BY THIS WIZARD-LOOKING GUY, OR TOSSED TO ONE OF THOSE MONSTROSITIES GUARDING THE EXIT CAVERNS.

OH. THAT SEEMS REASONABLE. LET ME GET YOUR STONE.

SEE? IT'LL BE A REALLY GREAT PLACE TO RAISE THE KIDS TO BE POWER-MAD SERVANTS OF DARKNESS. NICE MOUSTACHE, BY THE WAY.

OH, YEAH, PIFFANY PUT IT ON ME TO SEE IF MY WEARING A DISGUISE WOULD GET ME CAPTURED. I GUESS IT WORKED.

THAT MAKES SENSE. ONE OF THE LITTLE JERKS WHO CAPTURED US WENT ON AND ON ABOUT HOW THEY WERE TO GRAB EVERY HENCHMAN EXCEPT FOR "THE ONE CALLED NODWICK."

NODWICK? HE'S HERE?!



I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE, AND I WOULD KNOW THAT ACCURSED HENCHMAN ON SIGHT! HIS DIRTY TRICKS GOT ME IN SO MUCH TROUBLE...

HE'S RIGHT HERE, LOOK.

ANEE! IT'S YOU! I MUST HAVE YOU PUT TO DEATH IMMEDIATELY!

OH, UH, WOW! LOOK! IT'S A DOOR-TO-DOOR BRAIN SALESMAN!





BRAINS? WHERE?



HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?

NODDACK!

WHO?

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

MAYBE YOU MISTOOK HIM FOR SOMEONE ELSE. HENCHMEN KINDA LOOK ALIKE, YOU KNOW.



BACK TO WORK OR I'LL FEED YOU TO THE SEPTADRAKES.

OKAY, BOSS.



NOT VERY BRIGHT, ARE THEY?

THEIR LEADER IS. HE'S A SHORT GUY WITH A MOP OF HAIR AND A CANE.

OH, HIM. HE HANGS OUT WITH THE WIZARD-GUY I MENTIONED. AND THIS CLERIC-GAL. THEY'RE THE ONES RUNNING THE SHOW.

THEY'RE ALL HERE? I'LL HAVE TO AVOID THEM LIKE THE PLAGUE.



YOU GOT A HISTORY WITH THESE YAHOO'S?

THE SHORT GUYS BELONG TO "THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL HENCHMEN" THEY KIDNAPPED ME TO SEE IF HENCHMEN COULD BE USED FOR, WELL, STUFF LIKE THIS I GUESS.

AND YOU CHARMED THEM SO MUCH THAT THEY WANNA OFF YOU ON SIGHT? NICE JOB.

WHAT CAN I SAY? IT COMES NATURALLY.



HE'S VERY SHY.

REMOVE THAT
SCRAP OF PAPER OR
ILDOMIR WILL VAPORIZE
YOUR HAND.

ELLO, SR



MOVE ENOUGH
STONE TO FINISH THE SECOND FLOOR
BY NIGHTFALL AND YOU MAY LIVE
TO SEE THE DAWN.

HOW WILL THEY
KNOW WHEN SUNDOWN IS? WE'RE
UNDERGROUND.

SILENCE!





NEAT TRICK

I CAN'T KEEP IT UP FOREVER. "LUGWICK?"

IT WAS THE FIRST THING THAT POPPED INTO MY HEAD. SO, DO YOU THINK ANYONE WILL RESCUE US?

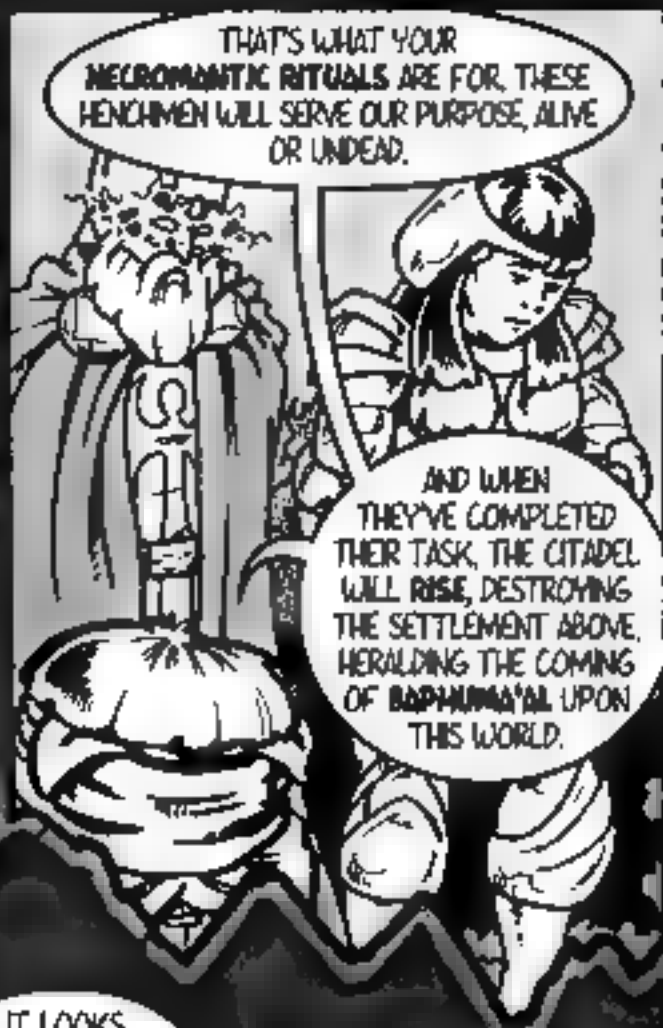
I'M NOT GETTING MY HOPES UP...



HOW GOES THE CONSTRUCTION OF MY CITADEL?

WORK IS PROCEEDING FASTER THAN EXPECTED. THESE HENCHMEN ARE SURPRISINGLY INDUSTRIOUS WHEN NOT BEING USED TO MOVE LOOT FOR ADDLE-BRAINED ADVENTURING MORONS.

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LAST MORE THAN A WEEK AT THIS PACE.



THAT'S WHAT YOUR NECROMANTIC RITUALS ARE FOR. THESE HENCHMEN WILL SERVE OUR PURPOSE, ALIVE OR UNDEAD.

AND WHEN THEY'VE COMPLETED THEIR TASK, THE CITADEL WILL RISE, DESTROYING THE SETTLEMENT ABOVE, HERALDING THE COMING OF BAPHOMET UPON THIS WORLD.

MEANWHILE...

A "HOMING MOUSTACHE?"

LIKE I SAID, MY CLERICAL ORDER WAS ASKED TO MAKE THEM FOR PEOPLE WHO GO OFF TO SPY ON KICKY-BAD PEOPLE AND ARMIES AND STUFF. THAT WAY, IF THEY GOT IN TROUBLE, YOU COULD ALWAYS FIND THEM.

AND IT'S IN THE TOWN'S SEWER CAVERNS?

IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOWN PRETTY DEEP.

WELL, THE TOWN'S SEWER SYSTEM IS BASED ON A SERIES OF NATURAL CAVES. WHO KNOWS HOW FAR THEY GO?

I DUNNO. I ONCE LED AN EXPEDITION TO FIND THE BOTTOM, BUT WE HAD TO GIVE UP HALFWAY THROUGH.



AN "EXPEDITION?"

WELL, THE
GUYS AT THE FANG AND
FLAGON.

AND YOU
WERE IN THE SEWERS
BECAUSE?

WE WERE DRUNK.

AND
YOU GAVE UP
WHEN?

WHEN WE RAN OUT
OF BOOZE AND REALIZED
WHERE WE WERE.

THE SPIRIT
OF EXPLORATION
LIVES ON!

THIS WAY,
GUYS!

WHOO, IT'S
PRETTY STINKY DOWN
HERE...

BACK AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE.

MEAN I HAVEN'T
TOTTED THIS MUCH DEAD WEIGHT
SINCE YEAGAR OFFERED HIS BAR-
BUDDIES A RIDE HOME.

I DON'T THINK
I CAN TAKE MUCH MORE,
MYSELF. I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS
KIND OF THING.

HEY!

IT IS YOU, YOU TRICKY
LITTLE HENCHMAN! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD
FOOL ME WITH A FAKE MUSTACHE, BUT
NOT FOR LONG!

YOU
RECENTLY
SWITCHED TO
DECAF, DIDN'T
YOU?

HOW'D YOU KNOW?

LUCKY GUESS.



NEVERMIND! I'M GOING TO TOSS YOU TO THE SEPTA-DRAKES MYSELF, YOU--

OH, ER, YOU HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING RIGHT THERE, UNDER YOUR NOSE.



WHAT? OH, IT MUST BE FROM LUNCH; WE HAD STEAK.

HERE, LET ME GET IT FOR YOU.



AH! THANKS, NOW, WHAT WAS I--?

OH, RIGHT! THANKS!

YOU WERE GOING TO TELL THE GUARDS TO CAPTURE THE HENCHMAN IN THE FAKE MOUSTACHE.



YOU'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, HAVEN'T YOU?

IT'S NOT TERRIBLY HARD, AND I FIGURE THIS IS EDUCATIONAL FOR HIM.



THAT'S ONE BIG UNDERGROUND LAKE.

THAT'S NOT A LAKE, REALLY.

IT'S NOT?

NOTICE HOW ALMOST ALL THE RUNOFF FROM ABOVE FLOWS INTO THIS CAVERN?

YOU MEAN THIS LAKE IS MADE OF--?

DOWN HERE!

THAT'S SICK, DUDE.



IT SMELLS MUCH BETTER NOW.

THAT'S BECAUSE THE TOWN HASN'T SENT DOWN ENOUGH, AH, "DRIPPINGS" TO OVERFLOW THE BANKS OF "LAKE BLECHIN" UP THERE.

THIS AREA HASN'T BEEN CONTAMINATED.

WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE FOOTSTEPS!



IS THAT A FAKE
MOUSTACHE?

ER, NO.
IT'S REAL.

DANG!
LET'S KEEP
SEARCHING,
GUYS!



I GUESS NODWICK'S
BEEN FOUND OUT.

YOU THINK?

I'M STILL
DETECTING THE
MOUSTACHE!
LET'S GO!

AT THAT MOMENT...

ANY LUCK
THINKING OF A WAY
OUT OF HERE?

A FEW,
BUT THEY
INVOLVE HAVING ALL
OF THE GUARDS
VANISH.



THAT'S A
NICE THOUGHT, BUT...
HEY, WHERE ARE THE
GUARDS?

HEY, YEAH,
OTHER THAN THOSE
DRAGON-THINGS, IT'S
PRETTY SPARSE IN
HERE.

NOT THAT
I'M COMPLAINING,
BUT WHERE DID
THEY GO?

THEY WENT
LOOKING FOR ME!

I POSTED A NOTICE ON OUR BREAK ROOM BULLETIN BOARD TO CAPTURE A DANGEROUS HENCHMAN IN A FAKE MOUSTACHE, AND FOR SOME REASON, EVERYONE STARTED TRYING TO HUNT ME DOWN!



YOU'RE KIDDING. WELL, YOU'D BETTER ESCAPE.



HOW? I'M AN EVIL HENCHMAN! I'M GOOD AT FINDING THINGS, NOT ELUDING CAPTURE!

WELL, WHAT IF YOU TRIED TO FIND A WAY OUT?



THAT'S A REALLY GOOD IDEA THANKS!



NO PROBLEM.

MIND IF WE TAG ALONG?

C'MON, GUYS! JAILBREAK!



OH... I WASN'T PLANNING ON SO MUCH COMPANY.



THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS, YOU KNOW!



TRUE. WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE A TIGHT FIT, BUT THIS SHOULD LEAD US TO SOME OF THE UPPER CAVERNS...



WOW, THE MOUSTACHE IS REALLY MOVING. IN FACT, I THINK IT'S HEADED THIS WAY!



MAYBE HE GOT AWAY?



OR SOMETHING FAST-MOVING ATE HIS HEAD.

NICE THOUGHT.

THE SAME THING HAPPENED LAST WEEK, REMEMBER?

OH, RIGHT...











ROYAL FLUSH,
COMING UP!

OH, CRA--



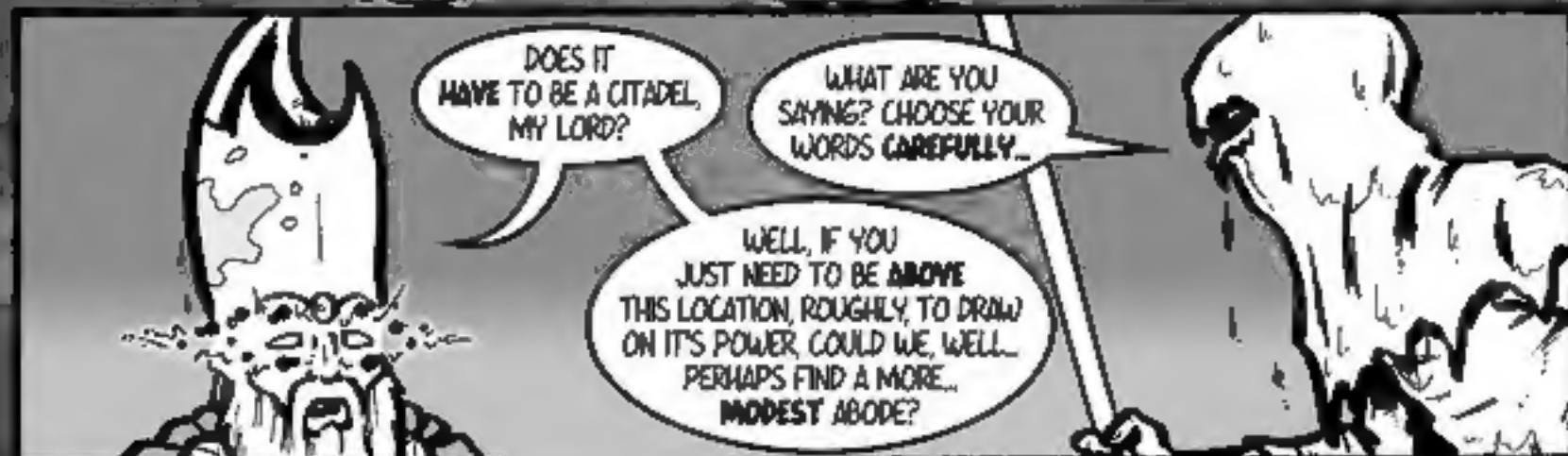
SOON, OUR HEROES NEAR THE SURFACE...

I GUESS
EVERYTHING'S BACK
TO NORMAL. THE
ADVENTURERS WILL
BE ELATED WHEN
THEIR HENCHMEN
RETURN.

WE RESCUED
OUR BRETHREN FROM
A LIFE OF SERVITUDE TO
A LIFE OF A LITTLE LESS
SERVITUDE. I GUESS.
HMM.

YAY
FOR US!

NO, HALF OF
THAT WAS NOT MINE,
THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I
JUST LIKE TO TAKE MY
TIME AND READ
MAGAZINES!



THIS IS THE LAST
ROOM IN THE PLACE, TAKE
IT OR LEAVE IT.

BARBARIAN
BRYNHILDR'S
House o'
Flop

BARBARIAN BRYNHILDR
HOUSE O' FLOP

WE ARE
DIRECTLY OVER
THE CAVERN. THE NEXUS
REACHES TO HERE. IT...
WILL DO.

OKAY, IT'S
TWENTY GOLD
A WEEK.

WHAT?

PAY HER
WHATEVER SHE
REQUIRES.

YOU HEARD
THE SHORT GUY, IT'S
GOT NEXUS OR
WHATEVER.

FINE.
TWENTY.

TWENTY-
FIVE.

WHA--?!

YOU FOLKS
SMELL FUNNY. I'LL
NEED THE EXTRA
FIVE TO CLEAN UP
WHAT YOU DRIPPED
ON THE STAIRS.

KNOW
THAT LOSING
OUR DAMAGE
DEPOSIT IS ALL THAT
PREVENTS YOUR
DESTRUCTION.

Hench You
Later!



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